THE

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WEEKLY VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. II.] SATURDAY, August 4, 1804. [No. 96

THE TURBAN,

A TURKISH TALE.

AMONG the many sumptuous edifices and immense architectural designs of the victorious Caliph Almansour, or, as he is commonly called Almanzor, there is none that have conveyed his name with greater honor to posterity; there is none which seem to promise to keep his fame eternally alive, and to imprint it so strongly on our memories, as his founding and erecting that magnificent city, Bagdat; a city, which if it possessed no other eminence, if ti had nothing in its buildings, mosques, fanes, churches, choiks, baths, or other appendages to recommend it, would be dear to us, for having been the scene of many a tale, which we have perused with infinite delight; which have, perhaps, in some measure, contributed to form our minds, and which we always read with avidity, because they are *equally* true as delectable.

This magnificent and beautiful city, it is necessary to state, is situated on the left bank of the Tygris, as you would approach it in a journey from Europe, and, as it is said, about three hundred furlongs from the site of ancient Babylon; but travellers, and more especially commentators upon travellers, who like other commentators, seldom *dispute* about any thing, are inclined to dispute about this: for while one set have found the ruins of the tower of Babel and many other vestiges, which indubitably denote that the modern stands upon the ancient city; and, in fact, want nothing short of absolute confirmation, except the Euphrates, which they have not *yet* turned through the middle of it: another set equally sanguine, and equally certain, have removed all that there was to remove of old Babylon, which was an easy task, to the distance of two days journey, and have given those ruins of castles, palaces, temples, towers, &c. which extend far beyond the confluence of the Tygris and the Euphrates, to the ancient city of Celeutia, which some antiquarians know, and others do not know, was built by Selecus Nicanor, and which has actually sunk on the very spot where Bagdat now stands.

The Geography of the subsequent tale being thus settled in a manner that is likely to do credit to our erudition, it only remains to observe, that after a variety of changes, after the Caliphate was abolished, the government of the splendid and magnificent city of Bagdat, with the province of Dierbakes, and, indeed, the whole country, fell into the hands of the Turks, under Solyman the Magnificent, who took it in the year 1534. They governed it some time by a vizier, sometimes by a beglerbeg, a title which signifies *lord of lords*, in which latter character, the Serene Mustapha appears at the period of the commencement of our story.

As Mustapha Beglerbeg, of Bagdat, had an habit of riding every day that the weather would permit, he, in consequence, one morning mounted his horse, and with a long train of attendants issued out of the Sou-Capi, which we scarcely need to state is the water gate of Bagdat, and crossing the bridge, took his way through the suburb of Mesopotamia.

When he had passed the cottages, and had cleared the palm-tree wood, as he was riding along the bank of the Tygris, his horse, which in point of spirit and animation was the first of the Chaldean breed, a dynasty, which as it is more ancient, is supposed to be far superior to the Arabian, started at some broken columns which had lately fallen, and now impeded the way, and giving a plunge, which almost shook the Serene Beglerbeg from his seat, began curveting among the horses of his attendants, which set them also to prancing, so that the whole troop was thrown into confusion.

Mustapha, who was reckoned one of the best horsemen in Assyria, Mesopotamia, or Chaldea, countries as famous for equestrians as Tartary, resolved to tame his beast, or at least to render him less susceptible of accidental impressions. He therefore goaded him on,

with an intention to make him overleap the broken columns which so unfortunately formed a barrier against the prosecution of his journey.

Mustapha, although a good and pious Mussulman, was obstinate; Bucephalus, his horse, possessed that virtue in a still greater degree.

Mustapha therefore spurred without being able to make Bucephalus advance, and Bucephalus kicked and plunged without being able to dismount Mustapha.

The contest on either side was carried on with equal spirit, and persevered in with equal pertinacity; how it would have ended it is impossible to divine, had not the accidental sound of a village pipe decided it for the present in favor of the Beglerbeg, though in the sequel somewhat to his disadvantage, for the moment that this shrill and piercing sound reached the susceptible ears of Bucephalus, it seemed to have electrified him; in fact, it caused him to do the very thing which all the exertions of his master were not able to make him perform. He flew over the broken columns with the celerity of an arrow, and lighting upon his feet, left the Serene Beglerbeg Mustapha upon the ground, venting execrations against an animal, who but a few minutes before he would have wagered against the horse, ass, or mule Aberack, upon whose back the Arabian prophet Mahomet, who, it is well known, chose him in preferrence to any other vehicle, ascended to the diamond gate of the third Paradise.

The violence of Bucephalus had such an effect upon the horses in his train, that it caused them to fly different ways, in the moment when the assistance of his attendants was so necessary to the Beglerbeg.

The Turban of Mustapha had, in this contention, fallen off, and while he was in the act of execrating Bucephalus, he struck his head with his hand, and missing that tegument, he exclaimed, "Oh! holy Alla, what a misfortune have I sustained by that infernal horse! what a disgrace! a Mussulman to lose his Turban!"

"It is not lost most illustrious and sublime Mustapha," answered a voice, the accents of which vibrated upon his ear like the sweetest music, "I hold it in my hand."

The rage of Mustapha subsided the instant he turned his eyes and beheld one of the most beautiful objects that ancient or modern Assyria or Greece had ever produced. The Turban was at this moment further from the memory than it was from the head of the Serene Beglerbeg, who struck captivated with the figure before him, exclaimed,

"Holy and benignant Prophet, hast thou, who in the great scale of existence considerest the animal, the insect, and even the reptile creation, as having a claim to the protection of Providence, sent an Hourii to reprove me for my unmanly execrations against a quadruped, who was, perhaps, less to blame than myself."

"I do not understand you," said the girl.

"I am glad of it," returned the Beglerbeg, "because, now I am sure that however angelic your appearance may be, you are a mortal."

"Is ignorance then a necessary appendage to mortality?" said the girl, at the same time that the animated flashes from her eyes, which might rival those of the stag, encountered the inquisitive glances of Mustapha, whose organs of vision seemed to shrink and recede from their brilliancy.

Though Mustapha was by his religion precluded from the contemplation of the human countenance or figure depicted by the hand of a great master, though he had seen few pictures and had never even heard of the Helen of Zeuxis, and, although he could not avoid meeting among the vestiges of ancient Assyrian magnificence remnants of statues, and, indeed, statues themselves; they were not in general such as were calculated to excite any very high ideas of classical beauty and elegance: but, if he had studied the choicest compositions of the Athenian School, he would have found them defective in comparison to the animated model before him.

A slight covering of white calico so transparent, that it might rather be said to *shade* than conceal her person, was tied under her bosom with a zone of azure, which confined the upper part, while the symmetry of her form and elegant disposition of her limbs threw her flowing drapery into the most picturesque folds that it is possible for the imagination, fired by passion, and aided by genius, to conceive. Her redundant hair was according to the fashion of the Grecian maidens, which had probably been imported into Assyria, partly divided into three braids which hung below her waist, the rest wandering in ringlets over her neck and bosom; a small chaplet of flowers crowned her head, from which was suspended a veil of white gauze, and blue sandals adorned her feet.

A much longer time than has been spent in this description, the enraptured Mustapha had gazed upon her in speechless admiration. The virgin, unconscious of her own attractions, and wondering at his silence, again offered him his Turban, which she still held in her hand. The Beglerbeg, without paying the least attention to her offer, perhaps, without knowing that she had made it, asked her if she was an Assyrian.

"Certainly," replied the girl.

"What is your name?"

"Zelia," she replied.

"What, oh, lovely Zelia, are your parents?" before she could answer this question the attendants of Mustapha arrived, exclaiming,

"We have taken him! we have taken him!"

"Taken! whom have you taken?" cried the Beglerbeg.

"The youth, whose ill-toned and ill-timed music frightened Bucephalus, and at the same instant endangered the precious life of your excellency."

"Come along dog; he has the very countenance of a Christian," cried the attendants, dragging forward a youth in the dress of a Beduoine, that is to say, a loose robe and drawers of coarse camel-hair cloth, who had to a riband suspended an Assyrian flute, which was perhaps, the prototype of the doric.

"This," said they, "is the wretch that with malice propense frightened the horse of your excellency; oh! sublime Mustapha."

I had," said the Beglerbeg, fixing his eyes upon Zelia, "totally forgotten that Bucephalus was frightened."

"Pardon him most noble Mustapha, oh! pardon him; exclaimed Zelia."

"If," said Mustapha, "he has been guilty of no greater crime, I shall not be very harsh in my censure. Who is he?"

Zelia in reply, represented the youth to be like herself, the offspring of a cottager.

This explanation caused the Serene Mustapha to turn his eyes towards the youth; his countenance and figure struck him; he seemed a model of male beauty, as accurately finished by the hand of nature as Zelia herself.

"I think," said he, speaking to the Tefterdar that attended him, "I never saw any thing half so handsome as these young Assyrians; what say you Zornestan?"

"With respect to the girl," replied Zornestan, "I am of your lordship's opinion. She is, indeed, loveliness itself; but with regard to the youth, I must humbly beg leave to dissent from it: I remember you in your juvenile days."

Mustapha grave as he was, suffered his features to relax into a smile; and after pausing a minute, said, "I must, as the day wears apace, return to Bagdat; therefore let Zelia and this youth follow me."

"That," said the youth, "would be a cruelty, of which your nature, oh! noble Mustapha, is incapable. Zelia has a mother, to whom she clings for support; and I too have a mother, whose only existence is derived from my labor; our absence would be the death of either."

"What is your employment?"

"I work in the fields and gardens.

"A poor occupation; have you never wished for a better?"

"I have," returned the youth, "frequently wished to enter into the army, but a strong and ardent sense of duty has hitherto restrained me."

"Then," said Mustapha, "am I to understand that if I provide liberally for your mother, and give you a commission in the troops that are destined for Persia, you are free to go."

Zelia at this instant seemed in violent agitation, blushed, and in her confusion let fall the Turban.

The eyes of Mustapha were turned upon her, as she stooped to take it up. He observed that her trembling hand would scarcely enable her to perform that office. The youth, whose trepidation seemed to be nearly as great, lent her his support and assistance; and then turning to the Beglerbeg, after some hesitation, said,

"Taught by my mother, the amiable and virtuous Cyphantia, that nothing is so mean and ignoble as prevarication or disguise, I must humbly take the liberty to inform your excellency, that although I feel the keenest sensations of gratitude, the most ardent emotions of love and respect towards you for the liberality of your offer, yet I am not free to go. Impressed as I am with your benevolent consideration of my mother, how shall I dare to state to you that another motive, almost as powerful, detains me. I love Zelia; we have interchanged vows, and in a few days she has promised to become my wife. Can I then leave her?"

"I should think you mad if you did," replied Mustapha, "What say you Zornestan?"

"I would not leave her to obtain the post of grand Vizier," returned the Tefterdar.

"What is your name?" asked Mustapha.

"The same as your excellency's; I am called Mustapha."

The Beglerbeg starting, said "where is your father?"

"I never knew my father," returned the youth; "he left this country with the army when I was an infant, and has not since been heard of."

"I feel an affection for this youth," said Mustapha, "I wish I had something of value to present him as a token of my esteem. Here, take this cimetar," he continued, untying his sash, "and take also this Turban; nay, shrink not from the gift; I can command another. Come to my palace in three days, I will then consider what can be done for you."

"You will not carry Zelia to Bagdat, I hope, my lord," said the youth.

"Not," replied Mustapha, "except she avers that she likes my company better than she does yours. I see that she trembles at the very idea, therefore, I need not ask her the question. To your care and protection, oh! amiable you, I leave her," he continued as he mounted his horse, "let me see you in three days." As he uttered these words he turned toward the road that led to the bank of the Tygris, and in a few minutes was out of sight.

(To be continued.)

FROM CARR'S "STRANGER IN FRANCE."

ONE evening as I was passing through the Boulevard Italien, in company with a gentleman from Toulon, we met a tall, dark hollow-eyed, ferocious looking man, of whom he related the following story:

Immediately after the evacuation of Toulon, by the English, all the principal Toulonese citizens were ordered to repair to the market place—where they were surrounded by a great military force.

This man, who for his offences had been committed to prison, was liberated by the French agents, in consequence of his undertaking to select those of the inhabitants who had, in any manner, favored the capitulation of the town, or who had shown any hospitality to the English, whilst they were in possession of it. The miscreant passed before the citizens, who were drawn out in lines, amounting to near three thousand. Amongst whom he pointed out about one thousand four hundred persons to the fury of the government; without any evidence, or further examination, they were all immediately adjudged to be shot. For this purpose a suitable number of soldiers were drawn out. The unhappy victims were marched up to their destruction upon the Quay, in sets of three hundred, and butchered.

The carnage was dreadful. In the last of these unfortunate groups, were two gentlemen of great respectability, who received no wound from the fire; but, to preserve themselves dropped with the rest, and exhibited all the appearance of having participated in the general fate.

This execution took place in the evening—immediately after its close, the soldiers, fatigued and sick with cold-blooded slaughter, marched back to their quarters, without examining whether every person upon whom they had fired, had fallen a victim to the murderous bullet. Soon after the soldiers had retired, the women of Toulon, allured by plunder, proceeded to the fatal pot.—Mounted upon the bodies of the fallen, they stripped the dead and dying. The night was stormy. The moon, emerging from dark clouds, occasionally shed its pale lustre upon this horrible scene.

When the plunderers had abandoned their prey, during an interval of deep darkness, in the dead of the night, when all was silent, unconscious of each others intentions, the two citizens who had escaped the general carnage, disencumbered themselves from the dead under whom they were buried—chilled and naked, in an agony of mind not to be described, they, at the same moment, attempted to escape. In their agitation, they rushed against each other. Expressions of terror and surprise, dropped from each of them. "Oh! God! it is my father!" said one, "My son, my son, my son!" exclaimed the other, clasping him in his arms. They were father and son, who had thus miraculously escaped, and met in this extraordinary manner.

The person from whom I received this account, informed me, that he knew these gentlemen very well, and that they had been re-settled in Toulon about two years.

The wretch who had thus directed the ruthless vengeance of a revolutionary banditti, against the breasts of his fellow-citizens, was, at this time, in Paris, soliciting, from the present government, from a total misconception of its nature, those remunerations which had been promised, but never realized by his barbarous employers.

I need scarcely add, that although he had been in the capital several months, he had not been able to gain access to the minister's secretary.

The time of terror was over—the murderer's occupation was gone—the guillotine, with unsatiated hunger, after having gorged the food which was thrown to it, had devoured its feeder.

[*Inserted by particular desire.*]

FROM THE EVENING POST.

Funeral Oration,

Delivered by Gouverneur Morris,
At the interment of GENERAL HAMILTON.

FELLOW CITIZENS.

IF on this sad, this solemn occasion, I should endeavor to move your commiseration, it would be doing injustice to that sensibility which has been so generally and so justly manifested. Far from attempting to excite your emotions, I must try to repress my own, and yet I fear that instead of the language of a public speaker you will hear only the lamentations of a bewailing friend. But I will struggle with my bursting heart, to pourtray that heroic spirit, which has flown to the mansions of bliss.

Students of Columbia—he was in the ardent pursuit of knowledge in your academic shades, when the first sound of the American war called him to the field. A young and unproteced volunteer, such was his zeal, and so brilliant his service, that we heard his name before we knew his person. It seemed if God had called him suddenly into existence, that he might assist to save a world!

The penetrating eye of Washington soon perceived the manly spirit which animated his youthful bosom. By that excellent judge of men, he was selected as an aid, and thus he became early acquainted with, and was a principal actor in the most important scenes of our revolution.

At the siege of York, he pertinaciously insisted—and he obtained the command of a Forlorn Hope. He stormed the redoubt; but let it be recorded that not one single man of the enemy perished. His gallant troops emulating the heroism of their chief, checked the uplifted arm, and spared a foe no longer resisting. Here closed his military career.

Shortly after the war, your favor—no, your discernment called him to public office. You sent him to the convention at Philadelphia: he there assisted in forming that constitution which is now the bond of our union, the shield of our defence and the source of our prosperity. In signing that compact he expressed his apprehension that it did not contain sufficient means of strength for its own preservation; and that in consequence we should share the fate of many other republics and pass through Anarchy to Despotism. We hoped better things. We confided in the good sense of the American people; and above all we trusted in the protecting Providence of the Almighty. On this important subject he never concealed his opinion. He disdained concealment. Knowing the purity of his heart, he bore it as it were in his hand, exposing to every passenger its inmost recesses. This generous indiscretion subjected him to censure from misrepresentation. His speculative opinions were treated as deliberate designs; and yet you all know how strenuous, how unremitting were his efforts to establish and to preserve the constitution. If then, his opinion was wrong, pardon, oh! pardon that single error, in a life devoted to your service.

At the time when our government was organized, we were without funds though not without resources. To call them into action, and establish order in the finances, Washington sought for splendid talents, for extensive information, and, above all, he sought for sterling incorruptible integrity—All these he found in Hamilton.—The system then adopted has been the subject of much animadversion. If it be not without a fault, let it be remembered that nothing human is perfect—Recollect the circumstances of the moment—recollect the conflict of opinion—and above all, remember that *the minister of a republic must bend to the will of the people*——The administration which Washington formed, was one of the most efficient, one of the best that a

country was ever blest with. And the result was a rapid advance in power and prosperity, of which there is no example in any other age or nation. The part which Hamilton bore is universally known.

His unsuspecting confidence in professions which he believed to be sincere, led him to trust too much to the undeserving. This exposed him to misrepresentation. He felt himself obliged to resign.—The care of a rising family, and the narrowness of his fortune, made it a duty to return to his profession for their support. But though he was compelled to abandon public life, never, no, never for a moment did he abandon the public service. He never lost sight of your interests——I declare to you before that God in whose presence we are now so especially assembled, that in his most private and confidential conversations, the single objects of discussion and consideration were your freedom and happiness.

You well remember the state of things which again called forth Washington from his retreat to lead your armies. You know that he asked for Hamilton to be his second in command.—That venerable sage well knew the dangerous incidents of a military profession, and he felt the hand of time pinching life at his source.—It was probable that he would soon be removed from the scene, and that his second would succeed to the command. He knew, by experience, the importance of that place——and he thought the sword of America might safely be confided to the hand which now lies cold in that coffin. Oh! my fellow citizens, remember this solemn testimonial, that he was not ambitious.

Yet he was charged with ambition, and wounded by the imputation; when he laid down his command, he declared, in the proud independence of his soul, that he never would accept of any office, unless in a foreign war he should be called upon to expose his life in defence of his country. This determination was immoveable. It was his fault that his opinions and his resolutions could not be changed.—Knowing his own firm purpose, he was indignant at the charge that he sought for place or power. He was ambitious only of glory, but he was deeply solicitous for you. For himself he feared nothing, but he feared that bad men might, by false professions, acquire your confidence, and abuse it to your ruin.

Brethren of the Cincinnati——there lies our chief! Let him still be our model. Like him, after long and faithful public service, let us cheerfully perform the social duties of private life. Oh! he was mild and gentle. In him there was no offence; no guile. His generous hand and heart were open to all.

Gentlemen of the bar—you have lost your brightest ornament. Cherish and imitate his example while, like him, with justifiable, with laudable zeal, you pursue the interests of your clients, remember, like him, the eternal principles of justice.

Fellow Citizens.—You have long witnessed his professional conduct, and felt his unrivalled eloquence. You know how well he performed the duties of a Citizen—you know that he never courted your favor by adulation or the sacrifice of his own judgment. You have seen him contending against you, and saving your dearest interests, as it were, in spite of yourselves. And you now feel and enjoy the benefits resulting from the firm energy of his conduct. Bear this testimony to the memory of my departed friend. I CHARGE YOU TO PROTECT HIS FAME—It is all he has left—all that these poor orphan children will inherit from their father. But my countrymen, that Fame may be a rich treasure to you also. Let it be the test by which to examine those who solicit your favor. Disregarding professions, view their conduct, and on a doubtful occasion, ask, *Would Hamilton have done this thing?*

You all know how he perished. On this last scene, I cannot, I must not dwell. It might excite emotions too strong for your better judgment. Suffer not your indignation to lead to any act which might again offend the insulted majesty of the laws. On his part, as from his lips, though with my voice—for his voice you will hear no more,—let me entreat you to respect yourselves.

And now ye ministers of the everlasting GOD, perform your holy office, and commit these ashes of your departed brother to the bosom of the grave!

ANECDOTES.

A FOP was boasting in company that he had every sense in perfection. No, said one who was by, there is one you are entirely without, and that is *common sense*.

A GENTLEMAN being helped at dinner to a tough piece of steak, began to scratch his plate with his knife. Being asked why he did so, he answered *I am endeavoring to set my teeth an edge.*

SOME travellers in a Mail Coach, among whom were a lady and an Irishman, enjoying a nap towards the opening of morning, a sudden noise disturbed the repose of honest Thady, who on enquiring what was the matter, was answered, some ruffians were robbing the *Mail:* that they may do replied Thady; but (throwing his arms round the lady) they shall never plunder the fe—*Mail.*

THE WIDOW OUTWITTED.

NOT a hundred miles from the Low-lights, North-Shields lives a buxom widow, who was lately assailed by a military sergeant with the proposal of matrimony. After a vigorous siege of five days, she surrendered to his eloquence, and the marriage day was appointed; but in the interim the cautious dame assigned her whole property, the chief of which was a free house, to her brother. The sergeant accidentally heard of the fraud, and as he happened to be more enamored with the freehold than the widow, told her plainly, "Though she was weighty enough to load a *baggage waggon*, yet he would not marry her, unless her whole property was also put in the scale." —She was not willing to lose him, so applied to her brother to cancel the deed; but alas! he obstinately refused, on which news the sergeant withdrew his suit, and the widow remains *a widow bewitched!*

Lon. Pap.

PREFACE TO ILL NEWS.

A YOUNG gentleman at the university was called upon by an old servant of his father's with compliments from the family. Well, said the student how do they all do at home? What news do you bring me? None, said John, except that our raven is dead. So that is all!—but pray what did he die of? How could it be otherwise since he eat so much carrion. Carrion! how could he get such quantities? Why, the four coach horses. Are they dead too? Pray what killed them? O, they might have lived long enough, if they had not been over-worked in drawing water. How came it about that they had so much water to draw? It happened the day that our mansion-house was burnt down. My father's house burnt down say you! and by what accident? By no accident at all: it would not have happened if our people had not been so careless with their torches. Pray what had they to do with torches? Why the torches were made use of at your good mother's funeral. H w! my mother dead, and buried without my knowing of her being sick! this is incomprehensible. Not so incomprehensible neither, for she died of no other disease than a broken heart. But for God's sake John what could occasion such excessive grief? O, as to that matter, she had reason enough—Lady ———, who was lately your mothers waiting maid, appeared at the last birth day assembly in a richer and more elegant dress than any that was ever seen before in our country.

ANECDOTE.

THE keeper of Newgate prison, (Conn.) lately inspecting some nails made by the convicts under his care, reprimanded one by the name of O'Brian, (an Irishman) for neglecting to make good heads to his nails; at the same time, selecting one well executed, and presenting it to him, asked why the heads were not all equally good with that. The poor fellow somewhat embarrassed, scratching *his* head, replied, Why, Sir, if all of our heads had been equally good, perhaps we should not all of us been *here*, good Major.

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, August 4, 1804.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city clerk reports the deaths of 46 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

Of CONSUMPTION 8—relax 10—dysentary 5—sprue 2—cholera infantum 2—old age 1—perilactic fit 1—convulsion fits 3—complaint in the breast 1—hives 1—cutting teeth 1—small-pox 2—dropsey in the head 1—flux 2—phthisis pulmonalis 1—drowned 1—cleronic diarrhœa 1— 1 six days old,—1 two days old,—and 1 whose disorder is not mentioned.

Of whom 12 were adults, and 34 children.

Capt. Snow Stetson informs us, that on Wednesday last, while on a fishing party, off Cohasset rocks, he caught a Haddock; and upon opening it for the purpose of cookery, he found in the stomach, Three Hundred and Forty four Dollars!—in old continental money, new emission. The paper was formed into a roll; and was but little injured. *(Col. Cent.)*

COMMENCEMENT.

The annual commencement of Columbia College, was held on Wednesday in *St. Paul's Church*—The President, Professors, Trustees, Students, &c. formed in procession at the College Green, at 10 o'clock, A. M.—after arriving at Church and taking the places assigned them, the business of the day was opened by the Right Rev. Bishop Moore, the President, after which the young gentlemen of the Senior Class, delivered Orations on the following subjects.

IN THE MORNING.

1. The Salutary Address in Latin, by John M'Vickar, of New-York, with an Oration, "De Arte Rhetorica."

2. An Oration on the "Art of Painting," by David M. Ross, of New-York.

3. An Oration on the "Love of Praise," by John Barnum of Westchester County.

4. An Oration on "Knowledge," by John Watts, jun. of New-York.

5. An Oration on "Government," by Wm. L. Lytton of the Island of St. Croix.

6. An Oration on "Party Spirit," by John T. B. Graham of Albany.

7. Forensic Disputation; Question "Can the immortality of the Soul be proved by the Light of Nature?"
John J. Sickles, of New-York Affirmant;
Jeremiah Drake, of Poughkeepsie, Opponent;
Joseph Nelson, of New-York, Respondent.

8. An Oration on "the Dignity of Human Nature," by Robert Seaman, of New-York.

9. An Oration, "Comparison between Bonaparte and Cromwell," by Richard N. Harison, of New-York.

10. An Oration on "Beauty," by Samuel Akerly, of New-York.

11. An Oration on "Oppression," by William Gracie, of New-York.

12. An Oration on "Patriotism," by William M. Price, of New-York.

IN THE AFTERNOON.

1. Salutary Address in English, by John R. Thompson, of New-York, with an Oration on "Memory."

2. An Oration on the "Licentiousness of the Press," by Henry B. Hagerman of New-York.

3. An Oration on "Religion," by Cornelius T. Demarest, of New-York.

4. Forensic Disputation: Question, "Is the imagination conducive to the happiness or misery of mankind?"
Philip Rhinelander of New-York, Affirmant;
Samuel Rogers of New-York, Opponent;
James Watson of New-York, Respondent.

5. An Oration on "Hope," by Thomas D. Smith of King's County.

6. An Oration on "Eloquence," By William D. Blackwell of New-York.

7. An Oration on "National Glory," by Alexander Hamilton, of New-York.

The degree of Batchelor of Arts was then conferred on John M'Vickar, Elisha Camp, John R. Thompson, Thomas D. Smith Cornelius T. Demarest, Henry B. Hagerman, Philip Rhinelander, Samuel Rogers, James Watson, David M. Ross, John T. B. Graham, Jeremiah Drake, William M. Price, John Watts, jun. Robert Seaman, John J. Sickles, John Mitchell, Edward Manley, George Bryar, John Barnum, Samuel Akerly, Joseph Nelson, William D. Blackwell, Charles Stewart, jun. Wm. Gracie, William Edgar, Richard N. Harison, William L. Lytton, James D. Livingston, and Alexander Hamilton.

The Degree of Master of Arts was then conferred on James Woods, esq. Counsellor at Law, the Rev. John Meier, the Rev. Washington M'Knight, and William Rhinelander, Alumni of this College.

The Valedictory Address, with an Oration on "Happiness" by Elisha Camp, of New-York.

Prayer by the President.

The whole interspersed with Music.

We are informed, from an official source, that the Jury of Inquest, summoned by the Coroner to examine into the circumstances of the untimely death of the illustrious HAMILTON, have agreed to the following verdict:

That Aaron Burr, Esq. Vice-President of the United States, was *guilty* of the Murder of ALEXANDER HAMILTON—and that William P. Van Ness, Esq. Attorney at Law, and Nathaniel Pendleton, Esq. Counsellor at Law, were Accessories.

Com. Ad.

Married,

On Wednesday evening last, Mr. Amos Butler, one of the proprietors of the Mercantile Advertiser, to Miss Eliza Stout.

On the 26th July, at Stanford, Dutchess County, Richard M. Bowne of the house of Hull and Bowne, druggists of this city, to Miss Penelope Hull, daughter of John Hull, late of this city, druggist.

On Thursday evening, John Williams, to Miss Ann Brown, both of this city.

Died,

On Tuesday, last week at Washington city, Mr. Charles De Krafft, Surveyor and Draftsman to the treasury of the U. S.

At Philadelphia on Monday morning last, Major Gen. William Irvine, a distinguished and active officer during the whole of our revolutionary war.

At Charleston (S. C,) on Friday the 13th ult. Mr. Jeremiah Brower, a native of New-York, in the 54th year of his age, after a lingering painful illness and confinement to his house for near 20 years.

VALUABLE INFORMATION

to those who are subject to the Tooth-ach.

BARDWELL'S Tooth-ach drops, the only Medicine yet discovered which gives immediate relief from this tormenting pain.

Since this efficacious medicine was first made y public many thousand persons have experienced its salutar, effects. The following recent case is selected from a numerous list.

Extract of a letter recently received.

Gentlemen,

"I had been tormented with the most excruciating pain in my teeth and face for nearly two months, and could obtain no relief from various medicines which I tried. Being strongly recommended to try Bardwell's Tooth-Ache Drops, I procured a bottle, and applied them according to the directions, and also bathed the side of my face with them, which was exceeding sore, occasioned by the long continuance of violent pain. In a few minutes after I applied this valuable medicine the pain entirely ceased, and has never troubled me since. I feel real pleasure in making this acknowledgment of their merit, not only in compliment to you for so happy a discovery, but to insure the public confidence in a medicine so highly deserving, and from which mankind are likely to derive such eminent services. It is certainly the most efficacious medicine I ever heard of. You have my permission to make this letter public.

ELIZABETH CASEMORE,

No. 15, Thomas-Street, New-York."

Sold by appointment at Messrs. Ming & Young's, No. 102 Water-Street, Mr. Lawrence Bowers, 433 Pearl-street, & wholesale and retail at Stokes & Co's. Medicine Warehouse, No. 20, Bowery-lane.

W. S. TURNER,

SURGEON DENTIST, FROM LONDON.

Respectfully acquaints the ladies and gentlemen of this city, that he practises in all the various branches of his profession. He fits Artificial Teeth with such uncommon nicety as to answer all the useful purposes of nature, and of so neat an appearance, that it is impossible to discern them from real ones. His method of cleaning the teeth is allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set, without giving the least pain or incurring the slightest injury to the enamel. In the most raging tooth-ache he can truly say, that his Tincture has very seldom failed in removing the torture; but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting the tooth, and indeed of decayed teeth in general, (from considerable study and practice) is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any lady or gentleman at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 12, Dey-Street—where may be had, with directions, his Antiscorbutic TOOTH-POWDER, a most innocent preparation of his own, from Chymical and Medical experience. It has been in great esteem the last ten years, and is considered as pleasant in its application, as it is excellent in its effect; it renders the teeth smooth and white, braces the gums, makes them healthful, red and firm, prevents decay, tooth-ache, that accumulation of tartar, (so destructive to the teeth and gums) and imparts to the breath a most delectable sweetness.

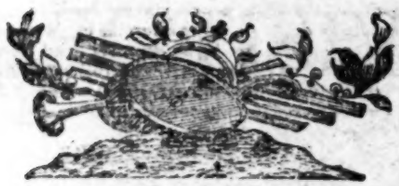
Sold by appointment of the proprietor, at G. & R. Waite's Patent Medicine Warehouse and Bookstore, No. 64, Maiden-Lane.

ANTHONY LA TOUR'S

Register and Intelligence OFFICE

Has removed from No. 20, Broad-Street, to No. 29 Chatham-Row, Second Door above the Theatre; where families or single gentlemen upon application, may be supplied with servants of every description; Merchants with Clerks, Mechanics with journeymen;—Also, Servants, Apprentices, Journeyman, Mechanics, and persons of every description may be supplied with places—such as,

Clerks,	*Laborers, &c.*
Apprentices,	*House-keepers,*
Farmers,	*Wet Nurses,*
Gardeners,	*Dry Nurses,*
Coachmen,	*Seamstresses,*
Footmen,	*Chamber-Maids,*
Cooks and Stewards on board Vessels,	*Women cooks, &c.*



ELEGY ON A MISER.

OLD GRIPUS, son of DEMAS, is no more,
By Death, grim tyrant! in the dust is laid!
He's gone, forever gone! amidst his store,
And nature's *debt* unwillingly he *paid*.

Each *noble virtue* seem'd within his breast
To shine conspicuous to the public eye;
Virtues which oft depriv'd him of his rest,
Care of his wealth wou'd draw the *manly sigh!*

Celibacy he practis'd all his life,
In which, alas! he equal'd was by none;
He never turn'd a thought toward a wife,
For he well knew *two* mouths were more than *one*.

His ample charities next let me sing—
To needy heirs his purse he freely lent,
Nay, to the poor, if they a *pledge* wou'd bring;
For which he took, 'tis said, *but* cent per cent.

Two children lost their way one evening late,
Whose story made his tender bowels yearn;
He took compassion on their helpless state,
And let them lodge *one* night within his *barn*.

Sobriety and temperance, virtues rare!
Seem'd in old GRIPUS to go hand in hand;
To break whose wholesome rules he did not dare,
Unless he was *invited* by a friend.

None sure like him e'er spent their time so well,
To slave and toil while others were at rest;
With trembling steps he'd creep toward his cell,
To pay a nightly visit to his *chest*.

"Then he wou'd *count*, good Gods, how he wou'd *count!*"
And dwell with heart-felt pleasure on each sum;
Then think with rapture on the whole amount,
How little more would make the wish'd-for *plum*.

But ah, alas! he and his wealth must part,
He in his treasure can no more take pride;
Death, cruel Death, has smote him to the heart,
Against his will, alas! poor GRIPUS died.

THE HEALTHY MAN.

(From Burger.)

HE who in Pleasure's downy arms
Ne'er lost his health or youthful charms,
A hero lives; and justly can
Exclaim, "in me behold a man!"

He prospers like the slender reed,
Whose top waves gently o'er the mead;
And moves—such blessings virtue follow—
In health and beauty an Apollo.

That power divine, which him inspires!
His breast with noblest passion fires;
These heavenward soar with eagle-flight,
And spurn the cold dark realms of night.

So full of majesty—a God—
Shall earth alone be his abode?
With dignity he steps—he stands—
And nothing fears for he commands.

Like drops drawn from the chrystal stream
His eyes with pearly brilliance beam,
With blushing signs of health o'erspread,
His cheeks surpass the morning red.

The fairest of the female train,
For him shall bloom, nor bloom in vain:
O happy she, whose lips he presses!
O happy she, whom he caresses!

GENTLE ECHO ON WOMAN,

(From Swift's Works.)

SHEPHERD.---Echo, I ween, will in the woods reply,
And quaintly answer questions. Shall I try?
ECHO.—Try.
SHEPHERD—What must we do our passions to express?
ECHO.—Press.
SHEPHERD.---What most moves women, when we them address?
ECHO.---A dress.
SHEPHERD.---Say what can keep her chaste, whom I adore?
ECHO.---A door.
SHEPHERD.---What must I do, when women will be kind?
ECHO.---Be kind.
SHEPHERD.---What must I do, when women will be cross?
ECHO.---Be cross.
SHEPHERD.---Lord, what is she that can so turn and wind?
ECHO.---Wind.
SHEPHERD.---If she be wind, what stills her when she blows?
ECHO.---blows.
SHEPHERD.-But if she bang again, still should I bang her?
ECHO.---Bang her.
SHEPHERD.---Thanks, gentle ECHO; right thy answers tell?
What woman is, and how to guard her well.
ECHO.---Guard her well.

N. SMITH,

Chymical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose, No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel, Broad-Way.

Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.
Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.
His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.
Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.
Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chops, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

WHAITES & CHARTERS.

PATENT PIANO FORTE MAKERS,

No. 19, Barclay-Street, opposite St. Peter's Church,

Have for sale elegant additional-key'd patent Piano Fortes of superior quality in tone and workmanship to any that have been imported, as they are made after the latest improvement, with upright Dampers, and the Back solid. They will not require tuning so often as instruments in general do.

N. B. Second-hand Piano Fortes taken in exchange. Instruments lent on hire, tuned and repaired with neatness and accuracy.

TUITION.

The Subscriber returns his thanks to his employers for their patronage, and flatters himself that he has every reason to hope for a continuance of the same, soliciting also the patronage of the public, informs, that he has removed his School to No. 17, Bancker-Street where he proposes continuing the ensuing year. A Tutoress will attend in said School for the purpose of teaching plain sewing and all kinds of needle work. The subscriber continues as usual to give lessons to ladies and gentlemen at their own dwelling, particularly in the art of Penmanship, wherein he will accomplish them in three months or exact no pay.

W. D. LEZELL.

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